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MINOR CEREMONIES OF THE CROW INDIANS

By Robert H. Lowie

PREFACE

The following data were gathered in the course of my visits to the Crow Indians of southeastern Montana (1907–1916); they form the concluding part of my studies of the ceremonial life of this people. For the most part the performances here considered are of clearly foreign origin, and some of them never gained general popularity. This did not, of course, detract from the value of such a rite as that of the Sacred Pipe from the point of view of the initiate.

Those who wish to gain a perspective of Crow ceremonial organization as a whole are referred to previous papers in this series, especially to the Introduction of my description of "The Tobacco Society of the Crow Indians" (this volume, part 2).

Robert H. Lowie.

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THE HORSE DANCE.

The Horse dance (*itsĭn-disùə*)[1] was a sacred ceremony which the River Crow obtained from the Assiniboin. Among the latter it ranks on a par with the Sun dance but on account of its esoteric character I failed to get an adequate Assiniboin account.[2] I do not think that the ceremony spread to the Mountain Crow and even in the north the number of participants was limited. Lone-tree said there were never more than about thirty men, though the wives of married members were allowed to take part. Even this estimate is very much exaggerated according to Strikes-at-night, who states that there were never more than six people owning the medicine.

The exoteric point of view, as expounded by Gray-bull and Hunts-to-die, is that the members of the society owned a powerful elixir by means of which horses were promptly restored to normal condition when exhausted. The ingredients were held secret; Gray-bull obtained just a little of the medicine from Strikes-at-night, who happened to be his brother's daughter. He put a little on his horse's nostrils, a little at the end of a stick into the horse's mouth, and rubbed some on the hoofs; though the horse had been tired out before, he then acted as though he had not run at all. Anyone who thus doctored a horse received a fee for his services. According to Hunts-to-die, the medicine is a certain root and may be used to restore sick people as well as horses. It is put into the person's mouth, and the juice is swallowed; if the patient bleeds from the nose and puts the root into his mouth, the flux ceases.

As to the origin of the society, Lone-tree and Strikes-at-night differ somewhat. Lone-tree says it was introduced before he was born. An Assiniboin went up a mountain on the other side of the Missouri, about the boundary line of Montana and North Dakota, in order to get a vision. On the third night he dreamt that he was looking toward the Rockies and saw a string of horses extending thence to where he was standing. After his vision he came to get horses and always owned over a hundred head. He continued dreaming every night and hearing different sounds. He adopted another man and thus started the society.

According to Strikes-at-night the Assiniboin were living on the other side of the Missouri and were very poor, being without horses and having only dogs and travois. There was a middle-aged man among them named Weasel-moccasins. While sleeping at night he had a vision. An eagle came to him, and said, "I come to you from the Wolf mountains; I

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[1] *itsĭre*, horse; *dĭsûə*, dance.
[2] This series, vol. 4, 57 seq.

see that your people have no horses and I come to give you horses." Shortly after this experience he came to own a stallion and a mare; they multiplied. When Strikes-at-night saw the visionary, all the other Assiniboin were afoot, but this man owned sixty head of horses. He became one of the medicinemen of his tribe. He was able to show an eagle head from his mouth.[1] One by one his people desired horses and paid him fees to make medicine so that they too might own horses. Strikes-at-night at that time was with the River Crow. One day Crooked-arm's father, who was very poor, got the idea that he would like to own the Assiniboin's medicine. He told the Assiniboin. Two tents were put together to form one large lodge. The shaman entered and spread out his medicines. The Crow's clan piled up presents in a big heap. The singing began. Except for the Crow and his wife, all the people in the lodge were Assiniboin. The shaman took a drum, painted it red, then made a rumbling noise, and sang a sacred song. All those inside danced. The Crow and his wife were opposite to the shaman. The shaman held a whole eagle in his right hand, a whip in his left; with the eagle he made a wobbling movement to imitate an eagle's flight. He told them not to take the eagle from him directly but first to rub his arm down from the shoulder. After this song he laid down the whip and cut off the eagle's head, which was painted red; this he kept in his right hand and took the tail into his left. He danced and whistled in imitation of an eagle and pointed at the novices, who were dancing toward him, to take the head and tail; but when they approached some magic power restrained them from seizing these. The shaman said, "We shall have four songs and if you cannot take them at the end of the fourth song you cannot take them at all." After the third song he said, "This is your last chance; if you can't get it now, I'll keep it." This time the Crow's relatives outside the lodge scolded him. The couple were getting excited. When the fourth song began, they immediately seized the medicine and took it without rubbing the Assiniboin's arm. Then everyone sat down to eat together. After the collation the shaman ordered the musicians to sing four songs, which he gave to the Crow.

Strikes-at-night showed me her Horse bundle. In former times it was only opened when outsiders gave a feast in honor of the eagle medicine,—usually when returning victorious from a war party. Then medicine songs were sung and the Horse dance would be performed by the members. The bundle seen contained an eagle head and an otterskin with an eagle plume; to the center of the otterskin was sewed one of an

[1] This refers to the *bâtsirópe* trick of Crow shamans.

eagle's legs. The medicines were in a rectangular rawhide bag decorated with the picture of an elongated horse and that of a whip above it. My informant said that this was identical with the bundle originally received by the Crow. In former years she would carry it on her back whenever the Crow moved. Through its blessings she never suffered poverty. The power is still there, for her son Bull-weasel, over whose bed she keeps the bundle, owns plenty of horses. The following is the story of her acquisition of the medicine:—

Thus[1] the River Crow had it (the Horse dance). The poor Crow would covet the medicine. Bull-weasel's father was very handsome. There was a white man named Big-neck, and Bull-weasel's father would lie with his wife. Big-neck in revenge magically blinded him. I was still young. We had a child and we got to be quite helpless; no one herded our horses and no one brought buffalo meat for us. Then we began to think of this medicine, having seen what it did for others. We had only five head of horses. We discussed what to do, seeing that the Crow owners refused to sell this medicine to others. One owner wanted a tent and needed hides tanned. Since I was a good tanner, I went to his wife and offered to tan all the requisite hides without demanding pay outright. I got two hides the first time; they were large. I fixed them nicely, returned them, and said I would fix up the whole lodge for them. Any other hides her husband brought I would fix in the same way. Then at every hunt this man brought three or four hides for me to prepare. I took the four hides, prepared and returned them, and so it went on. Finally I had fifteen of these hides; I fleshed and scraped them. Later they were ready for the softening process. I got some of my people to help me and we rubbed the hides. They were staked out to dry, then they were ready for the tent. I got an old woman to help erect the lodge. The hides were sewed together. After that, the woman asked what pay I wanted, whether a horse or some other property. I said, "No, I want to take your medicine." I told her my husband was blind, that I had a child, and that we were poor, that was why I wanted the medicine. The woman got angry. She said I should have told her that before. "If you had told me before, I should never have let you finish the hides. Now I can hardly refuse you." For a long while she remained silent, then bade me bring my husband. When we came over, she said she had refused to adopt any of the River Crow. "Now you have worked hard on this tent and finished it. I have thought it over and I'll give it to you." Early that evening she called us over and also our relatives. The owner (her husband) took his drum and started to sing. We merely sat there and listened. They had prepared eatables. They burnt incense of sweetgrass and took out medicines, which they held over the incense. All the eatables were smoked with incense and then put aside. All the people inside had cups and took lunch. Then, after lunch, I and my husband went out. Several days later they called us over again. They went through the same process exactly. The owner called his relatives. The other people were telling me I was very cunning because of the way I got the medicine. I had merely followed my husband's directions, but they all laid it to me. We went out again without medicine. Several days later they called us in again and the same performance was repeated.

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[1]This is in continuation of her tale of how the Crow got the medicine.

One day they ordered the camp not to move. This man said he was going to have an adoption. A big tent was put up with two tents together. The people were talking about our adoption. The owner sent a relative, inviting us to come. I went with my two sons. We went inside. All the medicine was laid out on a nice spread in a semicircle; some ermine skins were there also. The owner sat on the side opposite to ours. A buckskin dress painted red from the waist up was given to me. They painted my face red all over. Near the corners of the mouth they painted an oval of dark green color. They painted me up and bade me sit down. They called my husband, but on account of his blindness his older son served as substitute. His name was Winner. The wife of the owner painted Winner's face and put a bird on his head. "If you shall desire any woman when you get older you will not have any difficulty in getting her." She called over Bull-weasel, who was old enough to talk, and he was also painted. A very small package, the size of a man's thumb, was tied to his back. "When this boy grows up to be a young man, he won't have to wish for any young women in vain." She painted my husband's face and he sat down with us. They began to sing, and the man sang his medicine songs. People liked the Horse dance even better than the Tobacco ceremony.

After we got our medicine, when men went on the warpath and saw the enemy's camp, they would pray to the Eagle, "If I get back with horses, I'll feed you plentifully and make a robe for you." When they got back, they would call us, feed us, and give us presents.

The adoption tent was very large. The owner couple rose and danced. They had me fixed up with finery and took me to the front in full view of everyone. They placed me near the door. All the River Crow were looking at me and I got nervous,—afraid that I could not get through properly, but I made up my mind to get the medicine. Everything, the couple's clothes, face, hair, were all painted red. There was the rolling sound of drums. I still own the songs and taught them to my son, who sings them at the Cooked Meat ceremony. The woman had an eagle head and tail and made a wobbling motion, while her husband had a whip. The woman put me out of my mind. For a while she thought I was going to take the medicine, but I failed. I heard everyone scolding me from the outside. I was shaking, afraid I should fail the second time. The second time the woman made an eagle come out of her own mouth, which excited me still more. It was like someone seizing me by the neck and choking me. I failed the second time. They started the third song. Everyone scolded me. "You've been working to get the medicine, now you have a chance, why don't you get it?" The third time incense was burned over the woman to make the eagle recede again, which gave me time to brace up. The fourth time the man sat down by the door, and his wife was standing alone. At the fourth song she whistled and made the eagle wobble. I could hardly move. I stopped dancing when she got close, seized her by the armpits and gently rubbed down her arm. Everyone was glad and I heard expressions such as, "The poor woman got it after all." The woman told me to return the medicine to the spread. Then they smoked and sang four songs they wanted to give us, whereupon all got up to dance. They gave me a rope for the left hand and a whip for my right and bade me make a circle with my right. Then I and my sons, one on each side, danced to the four songs. After the fourth song they bade me be seated. Then I got the medicine bundle shown to you, which I carried on my back. I received instructions how to burn incense and how to hold the eagle. They asked me to stand and they placed the medicine on my back. They ordered me to

place it in just that way at every moving of the camp. "Whenever you put up a tipi, place the bundle below the point of intersection of poles, tying it to a special staff." I have plenty of Tobacco medicine, but prize none so highly as the Horse medicine. Even today no menstruating woman is allowed to enter my house. If I did not observe the rules, I might have an accident.

I remarried after my first husband's death but my second husband was afraid of the bundle. He died also. I have not yet turned it over to my son, but place it over his bed. The former owners made medicine similar to that given to me for themselves. There were three others who got initiated, but they only got part of the medicine. I never adopted anyone. The songs were in both the Assiniboin and Crow languages.

The horse medicine for reviving horses when exhausted was part of the medicine bundle. On the warpath when a horse was worn out the riders would point the root toward the four quarters, then place it in the horse's mouth, and this would make the horse as fresh as ever. Only a small amount was given to me and I have been very careful with it.

Considerable property was acquired by me and my family since we got the medicine bundle,—plenty of horses, and other valuables. Sometimes there was a rumor that all medicines were to be taken away by the Government, then I could never sleep for fear of losing this Horse medicine. I do not consider myself holy, but attribute my success to this medicine.

The songs were used when food was spread for the eagle. I would get up and burn incense under the food, take the bird, and hold it over the incense. There were songs in connection with taking out the bird.

The dance was up and down. Only those who owned the medicine danced. Nowadays only my two sons and I, Crooked-arm, and a Bighorn District Crow would dance (i.e., have the privilege).

Lone-tree, who is presumably the Bighorn Crow referred to by Strikes-at-night, described his experiences as follows:—

Once I was very poor. I saw this society dance and asked one of the members to adopt me. He consented. I stayed with him and hunted for my 'father' all winter, bringing him ninety buffalo, also some deer. In the spring I was adopted. They did not dance, but only sang for four nights and on the fifth they initiated me. They opened up their medicine bags and bade me and my wife each to choose three medicines. I took a whip (*itsîritse*), a short sash (*mare-ârekbàce*) with plenty of hair from a horse's mane and little hawkbells, and a painted horse's hoof. My wife chose a dewclaw rattle (*māxaxorê*), a big shell, and some variously colored stones representing the horses I was to get. Then as a receptacle for these we received a big bag painted in red with a representation of a standing horse. After this I became a rich man.

One night my wife and I were singing Horse society songs. I wished to win something. The next morning I went for my horses and as soon as I got to my herd I saw two new race horses among mine with brand-new saddles and blankets. I knew they had belonged to Sioux Indians.

On another occasion my wife and I were singing at night and the following morning I found a similarly equipped horse. I sang another tune and found a stray horse in my herd. Still another time I got a stray mare. On another occasion I sang and a short time afterward I killed an enemy and struck a coup. Another time I sang with

my wife, using the dewclaw rattle. The following day there was a big fight and I captured the prettiest horse ever owned by a Sioux, a red-eared pinto, and in addition a perfectly white horse. The people crowded around to look at my horses.

I also got the root for restoring horses, but I don't know its name, only my 'father' knew it. When people were about to race, they paid me so much to put a little of the root into a horse's mouth and make him win. Sometimes a horse was given in payment for this.

Sometimes a war captain would say, "If I return with good luck, I'll put up a feast for the Horse dancers." Then on returning he would entertain them, and they would dance. In the dance the women all stood in a row, while the men walked. The dancers were called *akitsîn-dicè*, Those-who-the-horse-dance. The ceremony was last performed about twenty-five years ago (speaking in 1911). They bought songs from one another; some cost more than others.

It is worth noting that the emphasis is placed quite differently in the esoteric and exoteric accounts. The latter stress the horse restorative, while the former mention it as a rather subordinate element of the powers conveyed through adoption. The point accentuated by Lone-tree and Strikes-at-night is that poor people note the prosperity of the Horse-bundle owners and seek success through the same channel. This motive also appears clearly in my otherwise meager Assiniboin account, which omits mention of the elixir.

Nothing in the Crow data proves that the Horse dancers formed more than a loose association; but the Assiniboin apparently had a real organization with some differentiation of function among the members.

The fact that the Crow derived the Horse dance from the Assiniboin is of course not conclusive as to the ultimate origin of the ceremony. Indeed, the Assiniboin themselves lay no claim to priority but attribute its introduction to the Northern Blackfoot. As a matter of fact, the Blackfoot have Horse bundles obviously connected with those of the Crow.[1] They contain medicines for restoring exhausted horses and war leaders were accustomed to give feasts to the bundle owners as among the Crow. The use of an oblong altar on which sweetgrass is burned for incense is common to the Assiniboin and Blackfoot, as is the prominence of berries at the feast. The Oglala also present an analogous phenomenon in their Horse cult.[2] The members seem to have generic powers over horses, such as capturing and curing them. More particularly, we learn of medicines serving to invigorate exhausted horses. On the other hand, I fail to detect resemblances proving historical connection in the 'Horse' dances or ceremonies of other tribes. For example, there is nothing so far as I can see that connects the Horse dance of the Eastern Dakota with that of the Crow, Oglala, Blackfoot, and Assiniboin. In short, the complex under discussion centers in the northwestern Plains.

[1] This series, vol. 7, 107, seq.
[2] This series, vol. 11, 95 seq.

THE MEDICINE PIPE

The Village Indian Ritual

There is complete agreement among the Crow that the Medicine Pipe (*ĭptse waxpé*) ceremony is derived from the Hidatsa. Curtis sets 1825 as the year of its introduction, Red-feather-at-the-temple and Rotten-belly having then obtained the ritual from the Hidatsa while attending a council on Knife River.[1] The Crow represent this as the distinctive ritualistic possession of the sister tribe, a theory not in harmony with either the facts or even the Hidatsa point of view. It is certain that the ceremony is regarded by the Crow as different from their ancient ceremonials,—not ranking lower, but decidedly as something alien. This being so, it seems desirable to premise an Hidatsa account secured from Wolf-chief in 1913. The Hidatsa name of the performance is *marâkɛ* or *mâkarícta xupâri;* the latter designation means literally "Children's Medicine." or "sacred child."

Wolf-chief's Account. When I was twenty-one years old, an Arikara called me to his house and said, "I wish to make you my child." I told him I was willing but was not yet ready because I did not own many horses. Thereafter every once in a while he would call me in and dine me. In the winter I cut ash wood and sold it at the Agency. They paid me five dollars a cord, so that I had fifty dollars in all. For this I bought a good horse from a white man. I called the Arikara, dined him, and told him I had bought a good horse (i.e. not a pony) from a white man. He said, "Very well, I am the teacher of the Pipe ceremony. It comes from the Sun. I am sure he will be glad when I adopt you. I'll give you the true medicine bundle for I belong to it myself as leader. Wait two nights, I wish to get your clothes ready, then we'll begin." "All right, I'll notify my relatives to help me with property to buy your bundle." "I will send you a common pipe by a man and he will make you smoke it. Then we shall sing and come to your lodge and hold the ceremony at the sacred lodge of the Arikara."

Two days later the Arikara came out of the sacred lodge accompanied by others and sang a song. He continued singing through the village till he got to my lodge. Outside one of the Arikara recited a coup, then about six or seven came in with two drums, walked to the rear and faced the door. My adopter said, "Son, when they sing, I'll kneel down before these men. I'll raise my pipe and at the close I'll move a little nearer to you. At the end of each song I'll move closer and after the fourth time I'll be quite close to you." He was carrying a feathered pipestem and also had a red stone bowl ready to slip on the stem. This man was Singer, that is why he put the red bowl on the pipestem.

They began to sing. My 'father' knelt and raised the pipe with the feathers. At the end of the song he moved a little nearer to me and said in Arikara: "Smoke, my son (*cu'táwicá natáha+ú*)." The fourth time he got in front of me and said, "My son, smoke." I reached for the pipestem, held it, and pretended to smoke. All the others said, "*nâwahiní,*" the Arikara equivalent of Hidatsa *hahó* (thanks!). This

[1]Curtis, Edward S., *North American Indians*, vol. 4, 179.

pipestem was perforated but when they were in a hurry the stem was not perforated. My 'father' seized my blanket while another man held it on the other side and said, "Stand up!" Two others similarly came to my wife and held her in the same way. They sang. Four times we walked clockwise round the fireplace,—first the two Arikara with myself between them, behind us my wife with an Arikara on either side of her, and behind them three singers. We then walked through the village in this formation, my 'father' carrying the sacred pipe. Thus we got to the sacred lodge of the Arikara, where a great many spectators were waiting for us. I stood in the center of the rear, with my wife on my left and Long-bear (the adopter) on my right. Immediately to the right of him were the other singers, and at their right the two dancers. The spectators were grouped on both sides of the door, in front of the fireplace. The two pipestems were placed before me and my wife.

My 'father' rose, took a coal from the fireplace and burned incense in front of the pipes. He lifted both stems at the same time and smoked them with incense, first holding the feathers down, then inverting them over the smoke. Finally he planted them in the ground again, took two rattles, shook them, smoked them with incense, and put them down. One rattle was made of skin, the other from a baking-powder can. The 'father' addressed the dancers. "Come forward and receive the sacred pipes and rattles; I am done with them now."

The dancers rose and each took one pipestem in his left hand and a rattle in his right hand. They danced very nicely, shaking the rattles at the same time. They went round the fireplace. It was a very fine dance. Each danced where he wanted to. Sometimes they came forward to us and held the feathers over our heads. Sometimes they shook their shoulders and heads. They imitated birds flying. They would think to themselves, "I am a young bird" or "I am an egg." Two Arikara women were sitting behind us. One of them was swaying my body, the other my wife's. My relatives and friends brought in gifts and piled them up before me. The dancers ceased and put the pipestems back into their places. The spectators went away.

Long-bear said, "Now let us have a smoke." We smoked a common pipe. "Now we'll get ready to paint our child's face." He rose and addressed his friends as follows: "I will burn incense, and you, dancers, come when I call you. Friends, when I call you, come and stand in a curve in front of our child." He burned sweetgrass for incense and smoked the pipes and rattles, then he summoned the dancers, each of whom took a pipe and a rattle. The dancers were standing, facing me and my wife. Long-bear said, "Friends, come." Then they all stood in a curve facing me. "While you are singing, I will paint my son's face and my wife will paint his wife. Dancers, while they sing, don't go too fast, just move slowly, cross each other's path, and go as far only as the two rear posts." They brought a dish with red paint and charcoal. He wetted it, and got ready for me, then called his wife, who sat down beside him. He placed a buffalo skull to face us and sat behind it. To the singers he said, "Singers, sing the song called 'Sun, come down and enter the lodge'." He asked me to take off my clothes; I removed my leggings and shirt. They sang three songs; I did not catch the meaning of the words. During the song he dipped his fingers into the red paint and began motioning on my breast as if tracing an oval, then he painted a red oval. "Turn round, my son." I put my back towards him, then he painted a semicircle in black on it." My wife was not painted. "Now I want to paint your face." Then he said to his friends, "This red oval on my son's breast represents the Sun, and the semicircle in the back represents the Moon. Now I want to paint his face, comb his

hair and tie a plume to his head. Sing all the songs now and sing them correctly." On the buffalo skull I saw two plumes and at the bottom of the plumes the skin from a duck's head, i.e., the green part of it, tied with a string and hanging down, which was to be used later. On the skull lay a stick about seven inches long, sharpened at one end and painted red. Nearby was a little basketry tray, a piece of buffalo fat, and a porcupine-tail comb.

Next they sang the 'Pour-water-on-the-head' song. Long-bear took the tray and held it over my head, at the same time holding the reddened stick in his hand. He made the motion of punching a hole in the tray so as to make the water flow through it. The fourth time he really pierced it, but there was no water in it, it was merely symbolical. When they began the Combing song he took up the comb, made motions over my head and walked round me. The fourth time he combed my hair. Then they sang the Buffalo-fat song. He made the motions of rubbing and finally oiled my face with the fat. The Red-paint song came next. Long-bear made the motions of painting and the fourth time he put red paint on my face below the lips.[1] Now his wife took a plume and tied it to my wife's hair. Long-bear painted my face with two slanting lines[2] on either side, extending from the level of the nostrils to the forehead, and with one line in the center from the bottom of the nose up to the middle of the forehead. On the left side of the head he tied a plume so that it hung down. At the same time his wife painted my wife's face in the same fashion as mine.

"Now sing the Buffalo Skull song." The meaning of this song is: "The buffalo are coming." They also repeated the Red-paint song. After four motions the skull was painted red below the eyes and with two lines on each side like those on my face. Then the singers and members all went back and the dancers returned the pipes to their places.

Long-bear then spoke to me as follows: "Now, my son, if you want to become a singer, I can sell the privilege to you, but it costs plenty of property. If you care to buy, it will be well." The members said, "You did well to adopt him. He belongs to another tribe, but now we are all together[3] and we are sure our children will all intermarry." I had not yet decided what to say. I was afraid for if I disobeyed any of the rules I was liable to get into trouble, especially because I was of another tribe. I answered, "No, father, I am afraid. I do not know the rules and anyone who makes a mistake will get into trouble. I do not want to buy." He said that that was all right.[4] "This corn (which had been tied to the sticks from the beginning of the ceremony) is food, but it is your medicine now. If you pray to it, you will raise corn. This buffalo is also food, but now it is your medicine too, and I am sure if you pray to it you will get buffalo easily. This bundle is used." With this he took a sack of red cloth and put into it one of the pipestems used in the ceremony; he also covered up the sacred pipe with a wildcat skin and tied it in two places. "Hang it up on the wall over your head and if they feel kindly toward you, they may give you a song or a vision." He gave me a rattle and tied it to the sacred pipe.

"Now I want to send my son to his home. Sing the Home-sending song." They sang it. "Stand up, my son. Hold the horns of the buffalo skull." They brought the pipe and laid it over the skull and over my hands. He continued: "This corn shall

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[1] A sketch drawn by Wolf-chief's nephew, Goodbird, suggests that the painting extended up to the nose; see also Owl-woman's narrative, below.

[2] In the sketch they are nearly vertical.

[3] For some time the Mandan, Hidatsa, and Arikara have been occupying the same reservation.

[4] That is, he did not resent Wolf-chief's attitude.

be kept by your wife." So she took the corn on the stick. There were four songs. "Walk, my son." I began to walk. I was not wearing a shirt for they wanted to show my decorated body to the people. My wife was following me. When I was going outdoors, Long-bear said, "My son, after a while I will give you some clothes, you are on a good path, go forward." So I went homeward. After we had returned Long-bear brought me beaded leggings, a shirt, and a blanket, all with beadwork. His wife gave mine a blanket, and they gave us three additional blankets. Then Long-bear burned incense in a pan and walked round us. "I am all done, my son." Then the goods piled up by my relatives and the five horses which had been brought became Long-bear's property.

When I was thirty years old, I visited the Crow Indians and adopted Wet (Haxítsie) as my son. Two Hidatsa, Hawk, as Singer, and Chicken-tells-lies, accompanied me and gave me what help they could. I painted only the face of my 'son,' then I gave him a newly-made pipe in imitation of the old one, also a wildcat skin, corn, and plume. I told Wet to keep these articles sacred and tie them over his door when they camped. I heard that he did so. I got goods and sixty horses, for Wet was a big chief. We got home.

On the third night after his adoption Wet tied the bundle over the door of his tent. He had picketed one good horse. One member of his family went out and returned late. As soon as he had got inside the horse began to neigh. He raised the cloth door and looking out he saw an enemy trying to steal the horse. He roused Wet, saying, "Get your gun." The enemy was about to mount when Wet shot him. He, his brother, and two others all counted coup on him. The Crow thought then that the bundle Wet had received was a good one; the enemy was killed close to it.

Wolf-chief's account may be supplemented by that of Owl-woman, an old Mandan. She gives the Mandan name of the ceremony as *suk-xõpini.*

Owl-woman's Account. This society came originally from the Arikara. Once Short-tail-bull came to my family and asked that I and my husband be adopted. We consented. There were two children in our family and all four of us were adopted jointly. The man returned and provided us all with new clothing. He gave my husband a shirt, skin leggings, and a robe. He gave me a painted robe, a mountain-sheep dress, and red leggings. Our boy got a tanned calfskin robe and a coat of red cloth, the girl a cloth, a dress, and a shawl.

The members of the society gathered in an earth-lodge and came to my house, singing. They sang outside and asked a man who had entered an enemy's lodge to open the door. That is the only kind of man who is permitted to do this. He would say, "Once I opened an enemy's door and entered." One man led my husband by the arm and one led me and my two children. They took us to the lodge of the society and made us sit down in the center. The drummers then sang and the two dancers danced. These wore fine leggings and moccasins, and had feathers to indicate their war deeds. They dance holding the pipe in the left hand and a gourd rattle in the right. They crossed their arms, danced close to us, and put the feathers of the pipe above us, then they danced back and repeated their movements. Several songs were sung. When they had done dancing, they put near the fire a cross of four bunches of grass and took one of us at a time into the center of the square. They took a small willow basket with water and put it over the tyro's head. The warrior who recited his

coups in opening the door was called to tell his deeds and punched a hole with an awl, so that the water flowed on the novice's head. Then they took a wildcat skin and rubbed his body with it in order to remove all sickness from his body.

It was at this point that we received the new clothing (see above). While we were dressing, a curtain was put before us so that no one could see us dress. The 'father' painted our faces, combed our hair and dressed us. Always the same design is used in painting: the face is painted red below the nose; there are two red streaks extending perpendicularly down each cheek; and one red streak is marked from the center of the forehead down the length of the nose.

Our relatives brought calico cloths and piled up the property before us. They furnished us with two horses and we ourselves contributed five horses to pay our 'father.' During the singing someone sat behind each of us, and they swayed our bodies back and forth as we were sitting there.

When we got home, we gave a feast to all the society. Then we washed our faces with the wildcat skin to remove the paint. Then my husband received a pipestem and I an ear of corn, which I always kept in a bundle in the rear of the lodge. Black and white eagle feathers were tied to the pipestem. The wildcat skin and the pipe were tied up outside the lodge to a pole for four nights. Then we gave away the twelve eagle feathers to our relatives; we were afraid to give them away before the fourth night. After that we took our medicines inside.

We now had the right to adopt four people into the society if we wanted to, but we did not adopt anyone. It was customary for a person to tie one plume to the back of his head for each man he had adopted.

Hidatsa and Mandan mingled in this society.

Maximilian's Report. The Medicine Pipe ceremony of the Mandan is briefly described by Maximilian. From his account it appears that the owner would get the suggestion to initiate a certain novice through a dream, but the young man must belong to a prominent family or have struck a coup. He secures two pipestems and after gaining the novice's consent drills two young men in the motions of the dance. At the time of the adoption the 'father' and his relatives visit the 'son,' bringing gifts of corn, cloth, and other valuables. The 'father' makes his 'child' sit down, whereupon the dancers perform with the Pipes to the accompaniment of drums and rattles. After the ceremony there is a distribution of gifts, then the adopter raises the novice from the ground, clothes him from head to foot in new raiment, and decorates him with paint. Henceforth these garments and the Pipe are his and he is obliged to act as a real son towards his initiator, supporting and protecting him.[1]

The Crow Ritual

Origin of the Pipe. As already explained, all the Crow admit that this medicine was borrowed from the Hidatsa. The following account of how it originated with them was obtained from Pretty-horse.

[1] Maximilian, Prinz zu Wied, *Reise in das Innere Nord-America in den Jahren 1832 bis 1834* (Coblenz, 1841), vol. 2, 167 seq.

Ten Hidatsa were out on the warpath. They entered a Dakota camp and raided horses. They started homeward. When already far away, they were overtaken by the Dakota, who recovered their horses and killed all but one Hidatsa. This man was obliged to travel on foot. For four days he continued his journey and during the fourth night he heard coming from the west the sound of a drum as in the Pipe dance. Two nights later he heard the same drumming, but closer at hand. On the seventh night he heard it plainly, also singing and shouting. He was traveling homeward. During the eighth night he did not sleep at all. He saw people. A pipe about three feet long was lying with its head up. The stem was wrapped with white and blue beads; at intervals bunches of owl feathers were tied along the stem. Duck said, "I want to be in it too." So they stuck the mouthpiece into a duck's neck. Horse wanted to be in it, so he gave the hair from his tail to be tied about the middle of the stem. A person wanted to be in it, so a lock of his hair was taken and tied on. Thunderbird said, "I don't see how I can get into it; I'll make them dance." So he became the drummer, and his thunder is the drumming. Smoke wanted to be in it, so he gave his tail for the rattles. Dog said, "I don't care for anything, I have my nose poked into everything. If I am in it, the dance will not be very serious." Even now when the dance is performed, a dog always comes there. The Hidatsa got home. This is how the Pipe dance started.

Bird-above's story was as follows:—

There was once a very poor Indian. One day someone came and gave him a plume for his head, and then a long pipestem with all sorts of feathers tied to it. The Indian did not know the being who gave him this and thus helped him. The visitor said, "Whenever you want anything, ask this long pipestem for it and you will get it. Some other time this pipestem will tell you what will happen beforehand, about bad times in the winter and about storms." Other Indians found out about the pipe and some wanted it. One day the owner took corn of different colors, stuck a plume on top of it, and inserted a long stick at the bottom for a handle. The owner was a well-known man among his people. He did not want to give the pipe to anyone, but when some who wished to become great asked for his medicine he gave them a new pipe patterned on his own. They would promise to give him in return, their best horses. When anyone was sick, the patient's relatives would say, "If he gets over his sickness, I'll buy the pipe and join him." They wanted to be adopted by the owner. The pipe-owner hearing about it would take his pipe and talk to it as follows: "So-and-so is sick, and they want to get the pipe if he recovers." If thereafter the patient recovered, the owner would set a date for the adoption. Then he made a new pipe for those who wanted it. He would say, "Don't try to give this away unasked, let them ask for it. You'll be just like me. Whenever they ask you for it, don't refuse it to them." Thus adoption into the Pipe ritual started.

Motives for Adoption. The reason most frequently given for the desire to own a Pipe is serious illness on the part of a person or one of his closest relatives: the individual vows that in case of recovery he will get himself adopted by the owner of a Pipe.

Pretty-horse so pledged himself when his father was threatened with death. Bird-above had a son at school who was always sickly, so that much property and many horses were spent in doctors' fees. He could

never eat a good meal. His father could not sleep on account of the boy; he was constantly losing property. Sometimes white doctors were called but they failed to cure the boy. An elder brother of his had suffered from the same disease and died. One night the boy was vomiting and at the same time easing himself. He almost died. His father rolled him up in a blanket; his body was still warm. A good many people were inside and said it was still warm. Then Bird-above told them that if the boy got up and recovered he (the father) would get adopted by the first Pipe-owner who should ask him. A few days later the boy rose from bed and began to eat. He got over his illness and was able to ride about. Bird-above waited for some time to hear from someone offering to adopt him. The boy came pretty near falling sick again. Then his father went to a man and told him he desired to be adopted by the Pipe-owners; that no one had offered to initiate him; and that accordingly he was asking to be adopted, and that as soon as possible. The Pipe-owner said, "It is well, I will give it to you;" and he adopted him on that very day.

A second reason is given by Gray-bull. When a war party is in sight of a hostile camp at night, one of the members would publicly declare, "If I get a nice gelding, I shall own a pipe" (*burɛ́ ítsik'ɑ̀tem burutsírək, íptse bɛ̃́wik'*). If his wish is fulfilled, then on the first night of the home-coming the vow is made public in camp.

Most people were afraid to own a pipe for fear of breaking some rule connected with its use.

The Adoption. According to Scolds-the-bear, who was initiated by Big-medicine, the adoption may take place at any season of the year. When the conditions laid down by the pledger have been fulfilled, a Pipe-owner presents him with eatables. As soon as this has been done, the candidate calls the adopter his 'father' or 'mother.' On a subsequent night the 'father' invites all other Pipe-owners, also the novice and his wife, and has nice blankets spread for the Pipes. They insert two pipe-stems into the ground at a distance of about a foot from each other and place crosswise in front of them a common pipe filled with tobacco. The stems are decorated with eagle feathers and corncobs. In the Pipe bundle there is some sweetgrass. The pipe-lighter takes some, burns some for incense and holds the common pipe over it. Then he points its mouth-piece towards the Medicine Pipes and the four cardinal directions, and passes it to all present; all of them smoke until the tobacco is exhausted. The Lighter takes a second piece of sweetgrass, makes incense, takes four drums piled on top of one another, and smokes them. They take the drums and beat them. They sing four songs, each four times, making

sixteen in all. During the singing the adopter and his wife sit by the novice and his wife and gently sway them. After the singing eatables are served and they eat with the 'child.' These preparatory meetings take place on four evenings.

Finally comes the time of the adoption. Two large tents are joined for the lodge, and at a short distance from it is the preparatory lodge. The Pipes are spread there. They take in fine clothes for the tyro and his wife, who dress in ragged clothes and hide in some tent. A buffalo skull is taken and carried a good distance from the camp; they carry it by means of a cord made from braided grass of the wide-bladed variety. Then they go through camp looking for the two best dancers among the young men; to each of these is given a Pipe and they stand at the door of the preparatory lodge. The rest sing and the dancers dance outside. The 'father', holding a knife, an old ax, and an awl and probably a second ax and awl, leads the way to the skull, followed by the Pipe-owners and dancers. After arriving at the spot, the singers sit facing it at some distance, while the dancers stand in front of it and 'father' and 'son' sit on either side of it. A war-captain recites a coup: "I went to such and such a tribe and brought back a scalp" (or some equivalent exploit). Then the warrior takes the knife, points out the direction in which the event took place, punches a hole into the ground behind the skull and keeps the knife. The dancers do not sit down but gently sway the Pipe. Four articles are each taken by a war-captain who recites a coup with it.

The party leave the skull and return to camp to seek the novice. Women walk behind the men, helping them sing. They sing four songs as they go round the camp in search of the candidate. At last they find his hiding-place, halt at the door and point the Pipe at it. A song is sung and a war-captain recites aloud four of his coups, whereupon he steps aside and the dancers enter, followed by the Pipe-owners. They see on which side the novice sits, walk round from the other direction and offer him the Pipe. He takes a puff. They say, "This very day you will own this Pipe." First the dancers, then the owners and finally the 'father' takes the novice by the little finger of his right hand, while the 'mother' takes the corresponding finger of the left hand. Thus they make him march around and then go outside with him. The adopter has the privilege of asking someone to appoint a skull-bearer. This officer marches behind the owners but in front of the adopters. The skull is painted.

They now march to the big lodge, enter it, and circle round four times, whereupon they take seats in the extreme rear. The skull-bearer sits at

the extreme left of the circle, the two dancers at the extreme right, all the others in between. A herald announces that the tyro's relatives should bring spreads for the skull, and they hurriedly bring fine blankets, on which it is gently set down. Then the crier summons the relatives to bring gifts, and they deposit them before the skull. Two Pipes are planted in front of the dancers. As soon as the singers begin their music, the dancers dance with a Pipe in the left hand and a rattle in the right. The presents piled in front of the skull are distributed by the adopter, the rest belong to the skull-bearer. All the horses brought fall to the adopter's share.

The 'father' says, "Well, let us bathe (cleanse) our child." He takes bunches of pampas grass and crosses two of them at right angles. Next they look for the striker of an undisputed coup. The Pipe-owners place a pail of water there, to which the 'father' takes his 'child.' Then the candidate steps on the crossed grass and the coup-striker, standing to the right of him, recites a deed. The adopter takes a Pipe into his right hand and a cup into his left. holding it over the head of the 'child.' The coup-striker holds an awl in his hand. As soon as he has done, he touches the bottom of the cup with the awl, whereupon the adopter gently tilts the cup over the novice's head and wipes it with the cob of the Pipe bundle. Then he takes a whole roll of calico to wipe the head, afterwards throwing it towards the door, where the people scramble for it. When the first coup is recited, the candidate stands at one point of the cross; for the three following coups he occupies successively the other points of the cross in clockwise order. Finally they take the novice to the rear of the lodge, where he is to be dressed. All the owners congregate there, form a curtain with blankets, and paint him up according to the adopter's style. To his head they tie eagle plumes from the Pipe. Then they take their seats again and finally march to the novice's tent, where a feast has already been spread. The skull is taken to the outskirts of the camp, where it is not likely to be trodden on.

In the novice's tent the Pipes are placed in a position corresponding to that previously occupied by them; the singers sit in the rear, the novice at the extreme right, the dancers where they please. The 'father' takes a piece of meat, and moves it in a circle before him while the musicians are singing. This episode symbolizes the feeding of young eagles: the novice throws out his hands and four times moves his mouth in imitation of the young birds. At the fourth time they allow him to take the food, then the adopter serves the rest to those present.

Next they order the tyro to hunt for a long lodge pole and point it towards them. The point of the pole is laid inside the lodge. The 'father' takes the Pipe and hands it to the novice, who grasps it, whereupon the adopter puts both of his hands round the novice's and after four songs have been sung he says, "Now I give it to you." The novice ties the Pipe to the point of the lodge pole and places it among his tipi poles so that it can be seen waving there. It is left in this position for the remainder of the day. In the evening the novice goes to his 'father,' who takes down the Pipe and places it in the rear of the lodge above the draft-screen. In the morning the novice again goes to his 'father,' who puts it back among the lodge poles. This is continued for four days in succession, whereupon the 'father' wraps up the Pipe and puts the bundle crosswise above the draft-screen saying, "It is yours, it is not mine any longer." Then the novice is the real owner.

Thereafter, when a person gets sick, he may make a promise that on recovery he will feed the Pipe. The convalescent would visit the Pipe-owner, who would call the other owners, and they would sing and have a jollification. War captains would take the Pipe on their parties and tie a lock of the enemy's hair to it.

A pipe owner who adopts a 'child' makes a new Pipe for himself. He has the right to adopt four times, but with the fourth time he relinquishes his ownership. Hence many cease with the third adoption in order to keep their Pipes for life.

The Pipe-owners did not form a society but merely a group of intimate friends who would have joint feasts. At Lodge Grass there were from six to ten owners (1911).

The corncob and the pipestem are both painted blue; the former is regarded as female, the latter as male. They are tied together with hair from the mane of a buffalo. The stem is decorated with feathers at the mouthpiece. A redstone bowl belongs with it, but during the dance it is taken off lest it should drop; in giving the novice smoke they put it on again.

While other accounts substantially corroborate Scolds-the-bear's narrative, there are some interesting amplifications and differences. Since these are not always readily wrested from their context, I append two other accounts in full.

According to Gray-bull there were four nights of preliminary instruction after the pledger's vow had been made public. On the first there is a feast of buffalo tongues and the Pipe is laid on a hide in the center of the lodge. This is repeated on the next three nights, and on

the last of these the Pipe is taken from the bundle, a bowl is put on it, and all present smoke from a single filling.

At the adoption there is a preparatory tipi. The Pipe-owners leave it with beating of drums and singing, while one dancer holding a Pipe dances in front of them. The 'child' remains hidden in a tent. The party walk round raising the door flap of every tent in search of the novice. All walk abreast except for the dancer in front; one man bearing a buffalo skull is on the extreme right. When the singers, whose number is not fixed, sing, the dancer dances. At last the 'child' is found. Then four men who have struck coups in an enemy's tipi are selected to lead out the novice. Four songs are sung, then they enter. The first one cries *hahé* as if actually striking a coup and gently taps the tyro's shoulder. Gently raising him, he proclaims that on a certain war party he entered a hostile tent whose inmates were asleep, and struck a coup The second warrior in turn seizes the novice's arm and tells of how a party charged the enemy and how he struck a second-coup against a fleeing enemy and captured his gun. The third brave grasps the arm of the 'child' and recites a first-coup counted in a charge. The fourth warrior tells of killing an enemy and capturing his gun. At the end of his recital each warrior expresses the hope that the 'child' may fare well. The last speaker takes the child by the hand and leads him out, one warrior holding him by each arm. They take him toward the adoption lodge without any singing.

When they have entered the adoption lodge, the skull-bearer stands in the center; the skull is taken from his back and laid on the blankets. Those who are ready bring presents, which are always placed under the skull and appropriated by the skull-bearer, who is usually a close relative (*akúpe*)[1] of the adopter's. Then the dance commences. The performer, who is dressed in his best clothes, is chosen for his skill and need not own a Pipe. By way of encouragement the spectators clap their hands to their mouths. When the music begins, the dancer goes to the door, returns and circles round. Four songs are sung while he dances in lively fashion. After the fourth he lays down the Pipe on a new quilt. Then those present smoke from an ordinary pipe. One of the four warriors rises, stands by the novice, and tells publicly of his deed, whereupon he takes an awl and touches the novice's ear. They next take a cornstalk and tie it to a willow stick. The novice's face is painted on both sides with a representation of the Pipe. They rub the corn down his face. His family sit behind him and are painted red on the forehead and on each side of the face; their faces are stroked in the same way,—on both sides

[1]Sibling, or a person to whom the term is extended. See Lowie, this volume, p. 60.

of the face, vertically in the center and in the back. Then the initiators take new calico, dip it into water, and 'wash' the novice by dropping a few drops on top of his head. The calico is cast aside and may be seized by anyone. A new piece of calico is used for every member of the family adopted.

The pipe is smoked with *isé*, sweetgrass, or some other form of incense. The dancer takes it and points the bowl and then the mouthpiece, each twice, down toward the incense. The black flannel covering is smoked and wrapped round the Pipe, to which it is tied with buckskin and otterskin. The novice's wife is taken beside her husband, where they sing with her, finally attaching the bundle so that it hangs down her back. The skull-bearer and those adopted by him in the past throw to this woman the most valuable gifts, even an elk-tooth dress. The novice's relatives distribute horses. All pass out. Thereafter, whenever the camp moves, this woman will ride a fine horse and carry the Pipe on her back. The novice might now adopt anyone by going through the same ritual.

The preliminaries, according to Gray-bull, were gone through in the winter, while the adoption itself takes place in the summer.

Pretty-horse's narrative likewise introduces a number of novel features.

The four nights of preliminary instructions represent the four nights of the Hidatsa founder's journey (see above, p. 340). On the fifth day the adoption lodge is erected. The owners go to the candidate's lodge and make him produce five fingermarks on the ground with the knuckles of his clenched hand. In the little depressions thus made the 'father' smokes pine-needle incense. They take the 'child' out to the prairie, where he is made to leave similar knuckle prints, and send him homeward. All this time the musicians are beating drums. When the novice sets out for his tent the two dancers follow him, dance up behind him, then get beside him, cross in front and dance to his rear again. When he has arrived at his tent his adopter brings him the Pipe and gives it to him to smoke. After smoking it, the 'child' returns it to the 'father,' who walks out. The candidate runs out and hides, no one being supposed to know where. This feature represents the deer putting away her young somewhere to go off and returning to them in the evening; similarly the 'father' is expected to find his 'child.' He inquires for the novice and finally finds him. All the Pipe-owners circle about four times in the lodge, then the 'father' takes his 'son' by his little finger and leads him around four times to the accompaniment of drumming and singing. No one is permitted to enter the child's lodge except men who have entered

an enemy's tent or counted coup on it. One man carries a skull by means of a sweetgrass cord. Immediately after their entrance into the lodge they hand to the candidate two ears of corn, then they lead him around by the hand four times, the 'father' never releasing his hold. The novice, holding both ears of corn in one hand, is then led to the adoption lodge. He is again led around four times inside, then he sits down. Two Pipe-owners come near him and rock him as though he were a baby. The drums are beating all this time. Four times they dance and sing. Everything is done four times. Then the candidate's relatives bring horses, quilts, and other property, all of which is appropriated by the 'father,' except that the dancers are allowed to choose any four articles. The candidate has the buffalo skull, the Pipe and the corn stuck on a little stick, also a little feather (plume?). Two pairs of parallel blades of grass are laid down perpendicularly to each other, and on the central square thus formed, which represents the springtime, the novice is made to stand after being led round it once by his little finger. Then an old man is selected who recites one of his martial deeds. Next a little water is poured on the candidate's head and he is twice led round the tipi. He is 'baptized' again, then they lead him round three times. The next time he is 'baptized' they lead him round four times. He is 'baptized' a fourth time. Each time they pretend to pierce his ears as though he were a little child. After water has been poured on him, the 'father' uses quilts and calico never before used, or even money, to dry the head of the 'child,' then the property is thrown away. This represents the actual cleansing of a newborn infant.

Then they return each to his own lodge and the 'father' brings the best food he can obtain to his 'son'; this represents the parent's giving a child the best things they can when it is old enough to eat. For a corresponding reason the 'child' gets fine moccasins and leggings from his adopter. Thereafter the 'father' treats his 'son' as though he were his real father. Wives are adopted with their husbands.

The 'father' gives his own Pipe to the 'child' and makes a new one for himself.

The dancers held a Pipe in one hand and a rattle in the other and at the close of each song they would make a cross with these two objects.

There are only about twenty-six Pipe-owners among the Crow now (1910).

Some additional details were gleaned from other sources.

When Bird-above was initiated with his wife and his ailing son, he was asked to prepare the water and to furnish awls and a butchering

knife. There were six drummers, including some who did not own Pipes, and a single dancer who performed seven times. The first brave to recite his coups had a big awl in his hands, with which he touched the novice's ear at the close of his narrative, pretending to make a perforation. A second warrior had a knife while telling of his exploits and pretended cutting the navel-string of the 'child.' Big-medicine is the principal Pipe-owner now (1911).

Bear-gets-up, besides giving an account of the adoption closely similar to that of Pretty-horse and other informants, furnished the following description of the Pipe. The stem may be either flat or round. To the mouthpiece is tied a red-headed woodpecker skin, below which red or blue horsehair is made to hang down. Below the woodpecker is a wrapping of quillwork, then follows an eagle-tail dropping fan fashion. The Pipes are wrapped in red or black flannel, sometimes in a buffalo calfhide and hung outside over the door; in case of rain they are taken indoors and suspended from the tipi poles opposite the entrance.

According to the same narrator, the other Pipe-owners drum and sing at the adoption but not the 'father'. The Pipe is said to belong to the Sun and people are afraid of it. If the police were disciplining people by cutting up their tents and a man carried a pipe round his dwelling, they would go off without touching the lodge; Bear-gets-up did not know whether it was necessary that the man should be owner of the Pipe in such a case. Again, if the kinsfolk of a murdered man seek revenge, the police will pacify them by offering them a Pipe: they will smoke it and at once abandon their design. That the Pipe figures as a peace pipe is further illustrated by Gray-bull's statement that if in a battle with the Dakota an enemy approached the Crow with a Pipe no one would dare molest him.

In confirmation of other data Bear-gets-up says that the Pipe dances were performed only at an adoption. However, a feast in honor of the Pipe might be made on other occasions by one of the owners who would plant his in the ground and invite other owners, who would not be obliged to unwrap their bundles. At these festive gatherings they merely sang without dancing.

There is a rule, says Bear-gets-up, that a Pipe-owner desirous of adopting a certain person will bring him food without telling him of his purpose. When the gift has been accepted, the owner reveals his object, for then it would be unlucky to decline adoption.

COOKED MEAT SINGING

The Cooked Meat Singing ceremony (*irûkocc waraxúɔ*)[1] is neither a dance nor the performance of a definite organization. It was a feast arranged in consequence of a dream and attended by specially invited guests, who were requested to bring with them any medicine rocks (*bacôritsi'tse*) they might have. The prayers to these stones, ceremonial songs, use of incense, and performance with the bear effigy give a ritualistic aspect to the proceedings, while the distribution of food and presents of all kinds lend to the occasion a social character as well. According to Gray-bull the ceremony was sometimes pledged, performance being made to depend on a relative's recovery from illness. This statement was only made by one other witness, so that I cannot regard a vow as normal in this connection but merely as showing the occasional application of a pattern established for other ceremonies (Tobacco dance, Medicine Pipe) to the Cooked Meat Singing.

I will begin with Gray-bull's generalized account.

They saw it in connection with the ripening of berries. Then the visionary would select a circle among the berries and have it prepared in the usual fashion.[2] At the time of the first snowfall he would ask a war leader to bring him buffalo bones and to sing at the time of the ceremony. In the winter, when it was cold enough to freeze pemmican, the feast took place. When there was a buffalo hunt, they took the flesh on either side of the backbone, this being the tenderest part. This formed a strip about four feet long and served for the pemmican. Next the man who was calling the feast asked for the bones to be smashed in order to obtain grease which they might mix with the pemmican. The wife of the visionary got four other women to help her boil down the bones. They would soak the berries in a large tub and mix the dried meat with them. One woman would take the smashed bones, put them into a kettle and skim off the grease; another stirred the skimmed grease with the meat, the third kneaded the material supplied by the second into big loaves; the fourth maintained the fire, brought water, and threw away the bones after the extraction of the grease. The host moulded some of the pemmican into a bear effigy, poured grease over it, and sang over it. Then they poured grease over the rest of the pemmican and made portions corresponding in number to the invited guests, four meat-balls being allotted to each. About twenty people were counted on and for each a

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[1] *irûke*, meat; *ôce*, to cook; *baráxik*, he sings; *baraxûɔ*, singing.

[2] This statement is obscure. Other data indicate that what is probably meant is that the berries are picked from a particular clump of trees and prepared in customary fashion.

stick was painted red and placed behind a lodge pole. These sticks were then taken out and a messenger invited the guests, one by one, saying, "Here is your stick, I sing for you." The guest answered, "Thanks!"; then he would express a wish for his own and the host's prosperity.

The guests came with their wives, who would sit behind their husbands so that the lodge was pretty well filled. All brought gifts for the host, also their *bacŏritsi'tse*, which were laid on a calfhide and incense burned. Four cow chips were placed between the hide and the incense. The head of the calfhide was pointed towards the mountains. The stones were passed clear around, each one pressing them to his body and expressing a wish. A rattle was shaken over the incense four times, then it was placed next to the host's neighbor, who would give presents, such as guns or powder bags, to the host and then to his father's clansfolk. A pipe was lighted and given to a war leader, and for such a one the fire was put out and an order was issued for everyone to keep still. The one next to the door would proclaim it outside, where young men and their sweethearts would lie listening. The captain and his wife would first sing one or two songs belonging to his own military society, next scout songs he had himself heard in a vision, then the song of a retiring war party, then that of a war party 'making the women dance,' then the song of warriors showing off, next his personal medicine song, finally praise songs he himself had heard in praise of the guests. Then the fire was rekindled, the captain sang another song, shook the rattle and placed it in front of the host.

Whenever anyone got up to sing, incense was burned. First four captains sing, after them anyone may do so. There is a special tobacco-lighter, who is usually a captain's son. When the pipe has been emptied, this officer holds it out, saying, "Take back your pipe." Then the owner of the pipe seizes it and while both men are holding it the owner brushes with his left hand down the lighter's shoulder to his hand before taking the pipe. The lighter expresses the hope that they may live to see the leaves out (or some other season of the year), whereupon the pipe is simply lighted and passed round for a common smoke. When the singing is over, the rattle is given to the host, who smokes it with incense, and the bear effigy is put in front of the door. Then anyone present who has the bear for his medicine puts a stone round his neck, takes a rattle and sits by the effigy. Assisted by his wife, this man would sing four songs to the meat, stretching his left hand toward the pemmican and shaking the rattle with his right. The meat song always referred to the bear. Then he would rise and take his own seat. The host never sings.

Next the pipe-lighter was called and he with the assistance of one of his relatives distributed pemmican among those present. He would cross his arms in distributing the loaves, so that the person at his right got the portion held in the distributor's left hand, and *vice versa*. Anyone might give a horse to a father's clan mate and receive from him in return his share of pemmican. For the smaller portions the people would pay blankets. The *bacṓritsi'tse* were first smoked with incense and then returned to their owners.

Two additional narratives supply supplementary details.

It seems that the dreamer issued sticks to the guests invited, and these were then expected to bring buffalo meat and bones from the hunt, have them prepared by their wives, turn everything over to the hostess, who would boil the bones and skim off the fat, before which latter operation an old man was called in to sing. After the preparation of the meat loaves in different sizes, the old woman went to the lodge of each guest repeating the formula, "I sing for you," which had also been used at the initial invitation. The guest thanked her and delivered himself of the stereotyped prayer that he and the hostess might live to see a certain season of the year. In thus summoning all the guests on the night of the feast, the hostess collects the invitation sticks and carries them to her lodge. As soon as a guest arrives, one stick is removed from the batch, and if anyone is late the rest will wait for him. A person who is prevented from coming may send gifts to the hostess, who will then send him pemmican in return.

After depositing the *bacṓritsi'tse* on the calfhide the host takes a pronged stick, points it in the direction of some hostile tribe and says, "I have poked it into their eyes" (*ictúə wapaxáxik'*). He first lays the rattle in front of the man sitting immediately to the left of the door for one entering, who gives presents to the hostess and his father's clansfolk (*ā́sa'ke* and *isbāxíe*), whereupon his wife gives gifts to her paternal kin. The door man then sings as previously described. Next the host fills a pipe and gives it to a captain,[1] who smokes and passes it on to the left; those seated on his right do not get the pipe to smoke.

There was a good deal of laughter if one of the singers made a mistake. When a man sang, his wife was expected to accompany him. If she failed to do so, her joking-relatives would say, "What is the matter? Is she dumb (*irí-se*)?"

When all the guests had retired in their lodges, the members of the military societies would gather round the door of a guest's tipi, sing their

[1] It appears that the first man to sing is also a captain.

songs four or five times, then enter and build a fire. The woman of the tipi would then distribute all the pemmican among them and they would generally consume it all.

Though the informant just quoted spoke as if an old woman normally arranged the ceremony, he recollected conducting one himself on the occasion of his wife's illness.

The same authority mentioned a sort of mock performance by the Lumpwood or Fox society. This was celebrated not in the winter but in the summer and without a preceding dream. They would not sing with their wives but with their mistresses and had no *bacŏritsi'tse.* However, the young men generally had necklaces of medicine stones and would use these. Generally the meetings took place in a new lodge. Pudding was eaten on these occasions.

According to the second supplementary account the host chooses close relatives of his to sit by the door and prepare the pipe,—generally the children of his clansmen (*icbăpituə,* literally, his grandchildren[1]). After everyone has kissed the *bacŏritsi'tse,* they are returned to the owners except that the pipe-tender keeps one stone with a necklace, which he subsequently puts on when distributing the pemmican. According to this informant the seats to the left of one entering the lodge are reserved, usually to the number of ten, and are purchased from a father's clansman for a horse. As a rule children were not taken to this ceremony, for if they are the father must pay a horse to a clansman. After the distribution the host begins to sing songs praising those who have given him horses. The men who got horses from a clansman's child give the biggest loaf portion to this child, thanking it for the gift.

According to Small-rump, no one walked in front of the guests; it was necessary to pass behind them. When a man received the pipe, the proper sequence was for him to smoke, give a present (formerly clothing, now a quarter or a half dollar), sing, return the pipe to the pipe-bearer, and then tell his dreams.

Muskrat's account is of value as representing that of a woman and one who herself acted as hostess:—

I had a dream and saw a bear. This bear was dancing towards a chokecherry bush. When he got there, he ate the fruit of one bush. That is why we sing over the meat. We pick chokecherries, mash them, and spread them on a good carpet. We wash them, put the fruit into a good bag, and hang it up to dry. Then we call for old buffalo bones. We go to young men who have fasted and dreamt, and say to them,

[1]Since the native term for "grandchild" is used only non-vocatively, while in direct address child and grandchild are designated by a single term, a transfer of meaning such as is noted above becomes intelligible.

'I sing for you' (*bawaráx barakúk*). Then about twenty-six or twenty-eight[1] of them came to my lodge. I told certain persons to take portions of dry meat and bones, mash them up, and bring them on a certain day. We put up a large tipi, and carpeted it with white sheets. The young people brought dried meat and bones, which we laid together. I had a rattle and swung it towards the bones. Then I sang in praise of some brave. A kettle with hot water had been prepared before. I took a long-handled dipper, sang four times, then put the bones into the kettle. While they were boiling, I called for different women, who went for water. Later I took a small bucket, and ladled off possibly as much as four bucketfuls of soup and grease. Next I took the chokecherries, put them in four large buckets, and poured first soup, and then grease over the fruit. Women had been told to pound the cherries. About six women came up saying, "These chokecherries are medicine, and I must have some to eat." Then they sat down outside the lodge. A large skin was spread for the meat. I took my rattle and again sang songs in praise of the braves. I had an image of a bear about a foot long and cut out of dried meat, and set it before the dry meat. Then I danced towards this effigy. I put soup on my footprints, as well as on the bear's face and back. I mixed up the mashed dry meat with chokecherries, and prepared twenty-eight loaves of pemmican for the guests. Then I prepared twenty-eight smaller loaves. The third time I made still smaller ones, and the fourth time I made the portions smallest of all. Next I called old women and little children and gave them some meat that had been set aside previously.

To each of the twenty-eight men that I had invited by the formula *bawaráx barakúk*, I gave a stick, and told them my dream. Later they told me they had had a dream, such as seeing the next year without sickness or death. Then I went to different lodges and invited the people there. We killed the fattest steer we could find. I spread a large canvas and put the four sets of twenty-eight portions on it. The people came with their wives and children. There were twenty-eight, I counted them; I took a stick about four feet long, placed four chips along its length, and a calfskin over the chips, with its head end towards the mountains. Next I took *isé*, smoked it, and called an old man to prepare a pipe. I laid a forked stick on the side of the skin. The old man pointed the fork, first north, then west, south, and east, respectively. Besides the chips mentioned, there were some additional ones laid aside. The old man took these up with the fork, and put them on the fire, smoking them with *isé*. I called on the guests to bring up what *bacőritsi'tse* (sacred stones) they had. The first one said he had none. The second one wore one around his neck. He kissed it, placed it on his breast, at the same time wishing for horses or money. I fixed a bed for the stones, which were passed down the entire circle of guests. The other guests with stones did what the first had done. They took off their earrings and beads and passed them down to be offered to the sacred stones. They passed down fine kerchiefs, to be tied round them. The roeks were placed on the calfskin. We smoked the *bacőritsi'tse* with incense and returned them to their owners, but the gifts remained on the skin. Hot ashes were placed by the side of the skin, incense was burned and the rattle was smoked. Then the rattle was swung over the head, and laid before the first brave man, who proceeded first to distribute his money, blankets, and other property among his nearest relatives, and then gave presents to his father's sister. Next he took a rattle and sang. The other guests gave me property, even including horses. The brave told of his deeds against the enemy, and sang medicine songs. He

[1]Later she gave the number as eighteen; the error may be due to the interpreter.

swung the rattle over his head, and passed it to his neighbor. The *isé* was smoked again. The neighbor did not take the rattle before giving me a present. He also gave away property to his father's and mother's relatives. The wives of the braves did likewise. The other guests followed in turn until the rattle got to the last one. One of the women had taken her baby inside. Her husband rose and said, "This baby has given a horse to its father's brother." He sang a Fox society song, then he bade his wife give property to her mother's relatives. He swung the rattle over his head and laid it down in front of his neighbor. After giving away property, he took a large feather, and put it in front of his face, took the rattle and sang. Young men did not touch the rattle before giving away presents. If they had no horse to give, they gave away a gun, blankets or beadwork. Then they said, "I wish I should go to war and capture six fine horses. After this ceremony I will go and take those horses I took in a dream." Next the guest began to sing. A war leader would say, "I want to sing, put out the light." He had a boy there and announced, "This boy has given six dollars to his uncle." Then he ordered his wife to distribute property among her relatives. When the lights were out, the captain took a gun and powder sack, and gave both to a father's brother, saying at the same time, "I give these away because I want to sing." After singing, he gave from a quarter to a dollar or so to each of a number of relatives. Each time the rattle was put in front of anyone, *isé* was smoked. The next war leader said, "Look outside whether any horse has been brought over." Looking outside they saw a horse. The captain said, "I give it to my uncle. I want everyone to keep still, so I can sing." He gave me blankets and other goods, shook the rattle, and passed it on. The next brave said, "I will give a war-bonnet to my uncle. I want to sing." He gave me beadwork, money, and two horses. The next one said, "I will give a horse to my uncle. I wish you would keep still while I sing." He gave two dollars to his aunt[1] and, three dollars to me. His wife gave away cloth and blankets to her relatives. The next one gave a fur overcoat, a blanket and five other pieces of property to his relatives, and his wife gave them cloth and beadwork. He gave me a blanket. The next one gave away two sacks of wheat and also two of oats, also a blanket, a dollar, and a pair of leggings. The one following presented me with a blanket and five dollars, and his relatives with five different pieces of property. The next one gave me a dollar and a blanket, and the one after him a quilt and a piece of cloth. The last one was a war chief. He gave away six pieces of property before singing. To me he gave two dollars, a sack of wheat, two sacks of oats, a good blanket, and a parfleche. He returned the rattle. *Isé* was smoked. I sent for the pemmican, put it in front of me, and laid the rattle down. Both the rattle and the medicine rocks were smoked with *isé* incense. Then a good person was called upon. He took one of the stones around his neck, sent the rest of the stones back to their owners, sat down and smoked a pipe. One of the twenty-eight guests had the bear for his medicine. The rattle was swung over his head and given to him. Pemmican was spread before him. Then this bear-medicine man got on his knees, swung the rattle, and sang four bear songs. Each time he put his hand to his breast and made a noise. After he had gone to his seat a young man distributed the large loaves of pemmican, and then distributed the sets of successively smaller loaves among the same people. The guests divided the hash among their relatives,—those that had received horses from them before. I got two horses and two big loaves of pemmican. The hash was finally given to the sweethearts, sisters, etc. of those who received it.

[1]See p. 352, footnote.

In conclusion, Muskrat said that the entire ceremony consumed three days, one being devoted to getting the chokecherries, another to the performance with the bear-effigy, and the third to the *bacőritsi'tse* performance.

Another account was furnished by Sitting-elk.

Once my wife dreamt of having the ceremony and told me about it. The next morning I notified the people, requesting them to get buffalo bones. I got some bones myself. The meat was cut off the bones. I went around to each guest, bidding him mash the bones up fine; I did the same with my own. All the mashed bones were brought to my tent. I bade the people cook meat. My wife put the bones into a big bucket and boiled them, then she collected the fat into another bucket. Each guest brought his meat in a sack, and my wife poured fat over it, soaking it thoroughly. Then this meat was carefully stowed away. After dark I went to the lodge of each meat-pounder, and from the outside said, "I sing for you." After I had reached home, all the guests came with their wives, and sat down in my lodge. I had a buffalo-calf skin spread between the door and the fire. I had requested my guests to bring whatever *bacőritsi'tse* they had with them. Beginning at the left side of the door, they passed their stones from hand to hand. I took the first one, laid it on the calfskin, and smoked it with *isé* incense. I did the same with the others, laying them down one beside the other. To my neighbor I gave a round rattle, which I had smoked, and bade him sing. They gave him a pipe to smoke. Then, before singing, he gave me a present. He began to sing. Each man sang a song in turn,—some chose war songs, Fox or Lumpwood songs, others medicine dance[1] songs, etc. So the rattle passed from hand to hand. When a war leader got the rattle, the fire was put out while he was singing. He also received a special pipe to smoke, and this was offered to only four men present. After smoking from it the captain held it in both hands and rose. I walked over to him and seized the pipe. He said, "I dreamt that you and your family would meet another year in good luck!" 'Thanks!' (*ahő*) I replied, then I took my seat. The songs were continued until the last man had sung, then the rattle was returned to me. I smoked it once more, and gave it to my neighbor. They pulled the meat over for distribution. My neighbor sang a bear song, facing the meat and holding out one hand, palm down, towards the meat and divided it among the guests. The *bacőritsi'tse* were returned to their owners, and all went home. There were portions of four grades of size, and each guest received one of each. Before singing each guest gave away property to an uncle or aunt.[2]

[1]Sun dance, probably.

[2]This doubtless should read paternal uncle or paternal aunt in consonance with the Crow principle that the father's clansfolk are preëminently entitled to gifts.

THE BEAR SONG DANCE

The Bear Song dance (*naxpitsé icũorisúə*), of which Curtis has published a very brief account,[1] was not performed by an organization, but united all those harboring in a mysterious manner an animal or some object in their bodies. These individuals on hearing the song of the dance were automatically compelled to show the object or a part of the animal in question to the spectators. The mysterious inmate is called *bãtsirópe* (Hidatsa: *ìtawākírupi*). Its exhibition was made in a trance, from which bystanders made the performer recover through an application of incense. Similar usages were observed by Maximilian among the Village tribes of the Upper Missouri.[2]

The acquisition of a *bãtsirópe* is in connection with visionary experiences. Gray-bull thought it might enter a person's body if he kept medicine in his hair or that the self-torture inflicted by dragging buffalo skulls might result in an internal growth of this sort.

The more usual theory is that when an individual fasts in quest of a revelation he may dream that something enters his stomach and subsequently the animal or object may be exhibited. Almost any kind of animal or bird might go into a person in this manner. Arm-round-the-neck knew a man who had no less than five *bãtsirópe;* indeed some said he had a horse's tail for his sixth, but about that my informant does not know from personal knowledge. He has, however, seen the man exhibit elk chips, white clay, black dirt, owl feathers, and ground moss. The owl feathers were shown with a plume. The performer would allow no one to touch him; if they did, elk chips would come out of his mouth and he would go into a trance. Then the spectators would light a powder and make him inhale the smoke to make him come to. Those who displayed horse's tails owned many horses; the exhibitors of buffalo tails would doctor wounds.

Big-snake has seen individuals having a *bãtsirópe* pull out of their mouths parts of a jackrabbit, snake, horse tail, bull tail, eggs, feathers from an eagle's tail, part of the body of two species of owl, a sparrowhawk, crow, the performer's own teeth, a little human being, and most commonly parts of a bear's body. When the people were short of tobacco, some would act as if pulling out their own teeth, but would produce some tobacco instead. An old man has been seen to produce sacred Tobacco. A man named Plenty-bear was in the habit of showing bear's teeth and caused the terrified spectators to retreat till finally some

[1]Curtis, IV, p. 178, f.
[2]Lowie, this series, vol. 25, 340-341.

would burn incense over him. Big-snake said that while his wife did not show anything of this sort sometimes her abdomen would swell and blood would come gushing out of her mouth, which he seemed to consider an equivalent performance.

Cut-ear had the reputation of being able to make flannel come out of his mouth and then rolling it back again. He promised to give me a private exhibition but failed to appear at the time stipulated. One of my interpreters used to believe in the miraculous power of these performers but lost faith when he detected one of them smuggling into his mouth the paint he was supposed to produce from inside his body.

The Bear Song dance was not the sole occasion on which *bătsirə́pe* were exhibited. In several of the chapters of the Tobacco society such performances were in vogue. Awacéc has been known to blow red paint from his mouth on a couple taking part in the Tobacco dance. Often the appearance of the *bătsirə́pe* is due to the violation of a taboo: the owner has been told in his dream that he must not smell a certain thing or must not have a certain part of his body touched, and when such a rule is broken, the *bătsirə́pe* comes out. Thus, some people fear the odor of burning horsehair for it would make them exhibit horsehair. The narrator who will be quoted below on the Bear Song dance received a captain's medicine from a man who was wont to throw up black mud and gave this power to my informant, telling him that he must not smell burning rawhide or other skins nor the blood of a menstruating woman lest the black mud come out of him. As a matter of fact, my informant blew out black mud three times when the odor of these forbidden objects reached him, but the fourth time blood came out instead, and thereafter he lost the power completely. The medicines of others were afraid of smoke and would pop out in the presence of smokers.

The *bătsirə̀pe* was not always made to recede. An old woman, e.g., would exhibit pieces of shell used for ear ornaments and give them away. She was considered medicine; though she had no husband, she owned all the horses she wanted.

According to one informant, the people did not believe that a whole bear, horse, or buffalo had entered the person's body but only the part shown, also that in making, say, a horse tail reënter his body a performer would reduce it to a very small size.

The following was cited as analogous to the *bătsirə́pe* phenomenon. Whenever Otter-chief eats a cherry, he goes into a trance and acts like a bear, but does not exhibit anything.

It is clear that the following experience narrated by Belden[1] is connected with the *bătsirápe* beliefs:—

Several romping Crow girls being present at my quarters one day, one of them, for sport, commenced tickling another, who could not bear to have any one touch her under the arms. The poor girl screamed frantically, and rolled over and over, but the other kept on poking her in the ribs until she fainted outright. Basache then, in great alarm, raised her up and called to me to bring the scented grass quickly; for the girl's tail was coming up in her throat and choking her to death. I brought the grass, of which Basache kept a good supply on hand, and lighting some of it, one held the fainting girl over it while the other threw a shawl about her head. She soon revived and took her departure, when I asked Basache to explain to me what she meant by saying the girl's tail had come up in her throat. She said very gravely, "Every human being has a tail in his stomach, and it is this that always makes him sick. Some have fox tails, others cow tails, others again, tails of birds, and still others dog, mink, beaver, raccoon, and horse tails. The latter are very dangerous, and constantly liable to get out of order. No one can be sick while their tail is in order, but as soon as anything gets the matter with it then he is sick. If a man has a cold, it is his tail; if he has fever, vomit, rash, boils, and above all, pains in his stomach, there is something wrong with his tail.

This theory was so absurd I could not help laughing, at which Basache was very angry, and left my presence, but I called her back to inquire what kind of a tail she had in her stomach, when, to my surprise, she promptly answered, "A wolf's tail, sir." I said, "Do each of you indeed know what kind of a tail is in your stomach?" "Oh yes," she replied, "everybody knows that, and there is my sister, Ba-ra-we-a pak-peis, who has a cow's tail, and Pen-ke-pah, whom you know very well, has a horse tail, which is constantly making her sick. When Ba-ra-we-a-pak-peis was younger, her tail troubled her a great deal, and mother says it often came up in her mouth, and sometimes protruded from her throat, but it never does so now, since the Indian doctor gave her some bitter herbs to swallow.

All this was very curious and ridiculous to me, but, upon inquiry among the Crows, I learned it to be a well-founded superstition, and nearly every Crow believed a tail of one kind or another dwelt in his stomach, which was the sole cause of his ills, aches, and pains.

This quotation is interesting, though I am not able to corroborate the statement as to the generality of the belief described above.

To turn now to a consecutive account of the dance.

It is not clear who took the initiative in organizing a performance. A bear is killed and the hide is kept after being tanned. Since the bears in the mountains dance when the berries are ripe, the proper time for the ceremony is in the fall. Then the people set up a cottonwood post and tie the bearskin with the claws on it to this stick. A considerable amount of pemmican or meat-balls with lard is brought to the site. The people form a well-sized circle round the post and the singers sit in the rear. The dancers assemble in a special tipi, dress up, and in single file proceed to

[1]Belden, G. P., *Belden, the White Chief* (Cincinnati, 1875), 423 f.

the skin. Usually an old woman took the lead and the men brought up the rear. They came and danced towards the skin, then backward from it. The musicians sang a certain song, the Bear song, and if people had a *bàtsirópe* they simply could not help themselves, but were irresistibly drawn towards the pole. Cuts-the-picketed-mule gave the following as the song that would make the *bàtsirópe* come out:—

bik'ắtacè	ík'akawè!'	naxpitsé	rākắte	kara-k'ŏrək,
Lodge Grass creek (obj.)	look at!	The bear	cub	is there,

akcé	hirérək.'
its parent	is here.

Another informant spoke of four songs and said that much time was consumed with them.

On a particular occasion a man approached the bearskin with a robe over his head and rubbed his face against the bearskin. He blew out red paint from his mouth, stood back from the skin, and then the performers saw bear teeth protruding from his mouth. My informant had heard it said that this man in fasting had dragged a bearskin fastened to his back. Several men threw blankets over him, threw him on the ground and held him. They burned *isé* incense, smoked him with it, covering him with a blanket, and gave him a big lump of pemmican, whereupon he departed. Next came a woman, who did not rub her face against the skin but displayed a buffalo tail with a plume on it and also made white clay come out of her mouth. She was not so wild as the male performers; some women seized her, made her sit down and gave her the same kind of incense to smell; whereupon the tail receded into her mouth and she went off. Another old woman rubbed her face against the bear, exhibited the feathered end of a stick and said it was a coup stick. She was restored with sweetgrass incense. Then came the woman again who had shown the buffalo tail, but this time she showed the tail of a gray horse. Another performer struck his side and blew out three bird's eggs. They took the eggs and looked at them, and they were real. Incense of sweetgrass was made; the performer smoked the eggs with it, then put them back into his mouth and swallowed them. He received three pieces of pemmican.

It happened that more than ten persons performed in this fashion. Sometimes only the dancers exhibited objects, sometimes only the spectators.

Another informant stated that the *bàtsirópe* does not always come out at the first trial. In case of failure, the performer retreats and makes a second attempt. According to the same authority only the old women

danced and they put dark brown paint on the hair and cheeks in imitation of a bear.

The Indians believe that the bears danced on the other side of the Rosebud. There is a pine there toward which they are supposed to have danced. The ground around it is smooth and bare, and different kinds of paint with the marks of claws were seen on the tree, also the bear's footprints nearby.

TEXT

naxpitsé icű risű awákak. batsém k'ōn díək, Ēetkuc
A Bear Song dance I saw. A man it did, All-together

k'ōn díək'. naxpitsém barē'-kuc daxdók pátuk'.
it did. A bear (skin) a stick to it they tied and stuck it in.

kàrak'ŏn baráxuk'. ak-daxpitsé-kuc-dicé dū'o disók,
Then they sang. Those who towards danced came dancing,
near

dū'o cukpā' kuc disók'. k'ūwī' um,
they came four times towards it dancing. When they had done,

pī'ctsisa kàr-ak-bā'-aci'ə kan-dū'ok'. dū'ra, ī'isə
next then those who came. They came, their face
something exhibited

naxpitséəc áxaxək. k'ōĭm, bă-acĭək.
against the they rubbed. When through, they showed something.
bear (skin)

karak'ŏwim, íəxce k'ū'ok'. nā'k'a+uk'.
When this was over, pemmican they gave them. They went home.

ak-bă-acĭə ī+ahùk'. basé naxpitsé-rək
Those who showed of them were many. The ancient people bears and

bapúxtə-rək tsét-rək bicé-rək birápə-rək pō'pa'tə-rək
otters and wolves and buffalo and beavers and owls and

karamā'acī+o k'ōk'.
showed that is it.

Small-rump said that at these performances female members of the Tobacco society dance. Whatever pemmican was left after the ceremony was divided among the dancers and singers. Once a performer showed a scalp, and blood was seen issuing from his mouth. Another went to the center of the ground, rubbed his gun against his abdomen and bade the people spread a blanket. Then bullets fell on it from his mouth. Still another, after rubbing his face against the bearskin, produced red, blue, and yellow ribbons out of his mouth, and two little white men were seen standing on his lips. Those who showed such things acted as though drunk.

MINOR DANCES

Two dances were mentioned by some informants as performed by the Hidatsa and in some measure by the Crow, meaning, I presume, mainly the River band. Neither had any ceremonial significance. The information obtained about them follows.

Sharp-horn knew of a Chaste Women's dance (*bīə bă̄wurōk disúə*) and Crazy (*i.e.*, Unchaste) Women's dance (*bīə warā̆x disúə*). The former united all the women, married and single, who had never had illicit love affairs. They had a man sing for them. It seems fairly clear that this performance must be connected with the Oglala festival in which only pure women were permitted to participate, all pretenders exposing themselves to public ignominy.[1]

The Crazy Women were "like prostitutes." When performing their dance, they would unite two tipis into a large lodge and summoned the people to come. Married men were not barred, but for the most part only bachelors accepted the invitation. One woman, who acted as leader, carried a six-foot pole with sleighbells and struck the ground with it. The men danced, hugging the girls. They went round till the leader stepped in front of all, jingling her bells. Two couples were then taken into the center and danced facing each other, then the partners kissed each other, the man giving his girl a horse or some other form of property held by women. There was feasting also. The kissers were as though engaged and sometimes married subsequently, a statement hardly tallying with the above-cited characterization of the female participants. An eminent chief was said to have acquired his present wife in this fashion. Possibly this custom is connected with the Oglala Night dance which is also conceived as a courting ceremony and where presents are given to young women. The Cheyenne are credited with transmitting the dance to the Oglala.[2]

It is probable that this dance is identical with the Goose Egg dance (*bĭ́ra i'g'e' disùə*), under which appellation Bull-weasel's mother gave a detailed account of a courting and kissing dance. Her narrative follows.

I was a young girl when one winter all of us River Crow moved to the Hidatsa camp below the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. There were earth-lodges there. The Hidatsa had plenty of corn; they would load their horses with it and bring it to any Crow Indians with whom they wished to make friends. We stayed there until spring.

The Hidatsa once came to our camp to dance. All the good-looking women, married and single, came two abreast, led by two chaste girls, and in the rear came

[1]This series, vol. 11, 76 f.
[2]This series, vol. 11, 78 f.

six male singers. They walked through the camp and stopped in the center. There the women formed a circle, the men getting within. The performance resembled the Owl dance except that only women took an active part. Each wore a headband of blue flannel about one inch wide, to which were tied two eagle-tail feathers with their quills facing each other. The dancers had red paint round the eyes and wore red flannel blankets, which they held tightly below the neck. A herald followed the musicians. When he got to the center, he cried out, "Young men, give presents to those young women whom you like and kiss them. If your heart is greater so that you want to marry them, give them a horse and none will run away." Fearing a rebuff, the Crow men were at first bashful and merely stood about watching for a while. At last one Crow dressed himself up with a nice breecheloth and got into the center. He eyed all the Hidatsa women, who were tall and slender, and selected the most beautiful one. He put a beaded blanket round her, put his arm round her body, and kissed her. This was the beginning. All the other Crow men went home hurriedly to dress up, returned, gave the girls kisses, and then walked off. One Crow picked out a pretty woman who had been deserted by her husband and offered her a stick, saying it represented a bay horse. All the Hidatsa were looking on, and the young woman's mother took the stick. Another Crow gave a stick symbolizing a white horse to a girl whom the Hidatsa men themselves had vainly tried to marry. This man already had a wife, who howled and cried as he did this, and went home crying. After the dance the Hidatsa singers spoke thus to the River Crow: "This dance we have given to you. Take it home and try it. Because you have given us several horses, you may have the chance." The River Crow brought the Hidatsa girls home with him.

We waited till the snow was completely off the ground, then we moved back. On the way we stopped. There were plenty of buffalo there and a herald announced that while we were waiting we should practise the dance so that on meeting the Many Lodges band we could show it to them. We called all the women into a large tipi, having picked out good male singers who had learned the songs from the Hidatsa. He exactly imitated the dress and paint of the Hidatsa; the feathers had been previously arranged. Our five drummers were waiting for us. We had a trial dance first. We tried the step but several did not know how to dance, some moving forward instead of sideways. The rest of us made fun of these. Finally we went through camp like the Hidatsa dancers, both single and married women. Two of us were large girls, and I was one of them. They announced that we were virgins and should take the lead. We were to stand by ourselves. The herald, who followed the drummers in the procession, then selected other pairs, making those of one height walk beside each other. I know the songs and sometimes I sing them and they bring back memories of the past that make me feel sad. We went through camp and formed a circle in the center with the singers within. Our dancing was not perfect yet. The herald stepped forth and said, "What are you waiting for, young men? You saw what the Hidatsa did. Give presents to the girls you like and kiss them." The young men brought in presents in compensation for the kisses. I was not kissed.

Subsequently the River Crow met the Many Lodges on the Bighorn, and they all camped together. There were plenty of lodges there. When they had camped, the herald cried, "Get ready, let us show the Many Lodges our new dance and surprise them." We were all eager to do it. We knew there were many good-looking men among the Many Lodges. We prepared our headbands with much more beadwork than the Hidatsa women had done and went to a preparatory lodge. Having no

mirrors then, we painted one another's faces, with a red strip round the eyes in the Hidatsa fashion. We soaked white clay, put in sticks and made white dots round the red paint, as the Hidatsa had also done. We were all dressed exactly alike. My former mate and I were again chosen for leaders. Afterwards we formed a circle. The herald cried: "Come, young men, kiss the one you like best in return for presents, and if you want to marry her, give her a horse and take her away." There was a big ring of spectators. We did the same thing as seen among the Hidatsa. I was standing there. Long-horse was famed for his beauty among the Many Lodges. He wanted to kiss a virgin and asked the young men whether there was any such there. My future husband pointed me out to him. Long-horse came toward me. He was wearing a fine blanket. I thought more of the blanket than of the kiss. He took a long kiss, then walked off, leaving the blanket, which my mother appropriated. This happened not during a dance, but immediately after the close of one dance. A Dakota, who was present threw an ugly blanket over me, but I pushed it off. He did not seem to understand the hint, for he threw his arms round me. I pushed him off, and everybody laughed. He came on in spite of that, but finally let me go. The herald rebuked me: "He is not going to marry you, he only wants to kiss you." I did not like him. We danced a little, then we stopped. A man came with a mirror case. My mate was not approached by any man, so at last her mother took her away. One man gave a girl a stick, another pointed one at me but I refused it. This time the people upheld me. The young men of the Many Lodges kissed all the women. Two of the River band women got married.

After this we often performed this dance. I think after learning it from us the Many Lodges also danced it.

Gray-bull saw the dance only twice. He was a boy then. The boys jeered the men and women when they kissed each other publicly. Beadwork, looking-glasses, and scabbards were given to the women kissed. All the Many Lodges were surprised at the new dance. The women held powder-bags and otterskin quivers in their hands.

Strikes-both-ways, the oldest woman on the Reservation, briefly described three other dances.

The Not-small Old Woman dance (*kăr-ï'ə-sa-disùə; kăr*, old woman; *íə*, small; *sa*, not; *disùə*, dance) was pledged by a man before he set out on the warpath. He would say, "If I come back after having had good luck, I'll have this dance performed." The participants formed a big circle, danced, and received gifts from the relatives of the pledger, who also paid the musicians.

In the Greasy Grass dance (*bik'á-tace disùə: bik'á*, grass; *tácе*, greasy) the women dressed up in masculine style and carried guns. Any woman was permitted to participate. They danced with a one-sided movement of the body. If a young man was in love with a girl, he would give her presents for a kiss. The season for this dance was in the spring and fall.

The Badger dance (*awatsîrisùɔ*) was performed in my informant's youth. When a war party returned after killing an enemy, the old women would rally the girls, including some who had not yet reached maturity, and made them dance with a gliding step. One woman was th leader. At the order "Take partners," the girls would go in search young men, seize them and not release them till they threatened to kis their captors. An old woman (the leader?) danced in front of the tipi, looked in, took up a gun and said, "I hope the one who gives this gun away will capture an enemy's gun." She held a scalp in her hand and carried a stick painted black. She sang a song of rejoicing in honor of the captain of the war party.

Each of the three aforementioned performances suggests some feature in the ceremonial organization of the Village tribes. The Hidatsa had an Old Women society that danced in honor of a successful warrior and received valuable presents from the hero eulogized.[1] The name of the Greasy Grass dance recalls the Mandan Hay society reported by Maximilian; the use of masculine garb by the female performers identifies it with the Cheyenne Women society of the Mandan. Since the native name was also translated "Sioux Women society", a relationship is further suggested with the Hidatsa Enemy Women, who at all events wore their hair in masculine style and carried poles like those of the men's organizations. A dance by women wearing men's clothing was recorded by Bradbury among the Hidatsa and by Brackenridge among the Arikara.[2] In the Badger dance the emphasis on the youth of the dancers recalls both Skunk women and the Gun Society.[3] The former danced after the killing of an enemy, in the latter guns figured prominently.

While the accounts are extremely meager, I cannot escape the impression that these minor Crow dances are for the most part much attenuated equivalents of performances witnessed by the Crow during visits to the Village tribes and occasionally attempted by themselves. On the other hand, influences from other directions cannot be excluded. The kissing feature of the Greasy Grass dance and Crazy Women's (=Goose Egg?) dance occurs among the Blackfoot, who derive their Kissing dance from the Assiniboin but sometimes name it for the Cree. The Dragging-feet dance of the Oglala, said to have been recently borrowed from the Gros Ventre, has been cited as a possible equivalent of the Blackfoot performance; and the Coyote dance of the Wahpeton,

[1]This series, vol. 11, 339.

[2]*Ibid.*, 323, 345, 326, seq.; Bradbury, John, Travels in the Interior of America, in the Years 1809, 1810, and 1811 (Liverpool and London, 1817), 146; Brackenridge, H. M., Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri: performed in 1811 (Baltimore, 1816), 191.

[3]This series, vol. 11, 325, 340.

which an informant identified with the Night-dance, has obvious similarities with the Greasy Grass and Crazy Women's performance.[1] The Greasy Grass dancers' custom of donning men's apparel or carrying masculine regalia has its counterpart in the practice of the Oglala Shield-bearers as well as among the three Village tribes of the upper Missouri.[2] Finally, the Kiowa, like the Hidatsa, had an Old Women's society that performed in honor of a warrior who had conditionally pledged a feast.[3]

In connection with the data cited above Strikes-both-ways gave me the words of a song sung by young boys and girls in expectation of a gift of meat at the time when the women were preparing pemmican:—

isa'ké	ẽ-wa-kú-i-cō',		
His mother	looked as though she were going to give me food,		
mitác	waxawúə-ritsì'kāt.	ítsik.	isáhak,
	it rattled.	It was nice	while going on,

k'owáhe.
now it is all over (an expression of disappointment).

At the Fourth of July festivities in 1910 ten men walking abreast enacted a scene of the old martial days. Nearly all of them had their faces blackened with charcoal[4] and thus they paraded through camp, followed by a mounted herald, carrying a medicine bundle on his back. The herald subsequently dismounted and followed afoot. This performance was probably the climax of a dramatic representation of an old-time war raid against the Dakota, which I learned had been given in the early hours of the day.

In the afternoon of the same day a small circle of men, for the most part richly dressed in old-fashioned costume, gathered. There were also a few women present. One of the men was holding a hooked spear wrapped with otterskin, with which he executed various movements. Blankets and clothes were piled up within the circle and were given away.

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[1] *Ibid.*, 78, 129, 459.
[2] *Ibid.*, 75 f.
[3] *Ibid.*, 849.
[4] Lowie, this series, vol. 9, 235.

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